

A MODERN EYE.

BY DE WITT MEYER.

She sits on still in the high-backed seat
While the preacher wanders on
Through wearisome sentences one and two
And theories pro and con.

A sunbeam smiles on her banded hair
And strays to her lady cheek.
Till the cold gray sides grow clear and fair
And the dreamer's senses weak.

O! worshipful priest, I share your thought,
Of the troubled path of life;
But another text my mind has sought
Than yours and its worldly strife.

'Tis she of the fetching bonnet, shawl,
And the modest gown of gray,
Who loves my mind to your fervent call
And touches my thoughts to stray.

Forgive the rhyme, and the dreams that crowd
Your truths from my worldly ken—
Ah! I know to whom my faith is vowed
When the preacher breathes amen.
—Judge.

RELINQUISHED HIS CLAIM.

A Story of the Oklahoma Boom.

BY J. H. RITCHIE.

In the settlement of our Western States and Territories, that personage familiarly known among the settlers as a claim jumper has never been very popular among his neighbors. But my experience with the Claim-Jumper was quite different from the usual experiences of those who have met with them in contesting the right to a claim on the broad prairies of the West.

Having been engaged in farming in an Eastern State, I sold my effects for a few hundred dollars, and some time before the 22d of April, a day memorable in the history of Oklahoma Territory, I set out on horse-back for Indian Territory and arrived on the border of Oklahoma several days before the time set for the opening of the lands.

Selecting a camping place in a cotton-wood grove on the banks of a small stream that enters the northern border of Oklahoma, I pitched the little tent I had brought along, and went into camp to wait the time when that great struggle to get possession of a quarter section of land should take place, and in which thousands of hard pioneers were doomed to disappointment by finding themselves a little too late. As soon as I had placed my camp in proper order, and partaken of a lunch of dried beef, cheese and crackers, I set out about up the creek to see if I could discover any other campers. About two hundred yards from my camp, a ravine came down to the creek, and as I went down into it, I saw a covered wagon and carriage just a short distance above me. Seeing several men and women around the camp, I concluded to walk up there and have a chat with them. The party consisted of an old lady and gentleman and their two sons and a daughter, who was apparently about 22 years old. I found the family to be very intelligent and far above the average "Boomers" in point of traveling equipment. After remaining at the camp some time the men folks had occasion to leave to lariat their ponies on the grass, and obeying the old man's injunction to remain until their return, I engaged in a conversation with the daughter, whom I found to be very intelligent, and possessing a face that for beauty I thought I had never seen the equal. Although I had arrived at an age at which bachelors are generally supposed to be impervious to cupid's darts, I had to confess to myself before I had remained an hour that I was desperately in love with the black-eyed beauty, and I was well satisfied that my feeling toward her were reciprocated. In fact it was another case of love at first sight, and I went back to camp that evening feeling that life had a new charm for me. It had been my intention to camp very near the line of Oklahoma, and I supposed that I was on the outside of the dead line. The next day, April 21st, I rambled up the creek a few miles in quest of game, and discovered several camps of "Boomers" making active preparations for the final race to occur on the morrow. It was my intention to visit the camp of my new acquaintances again that evening, but upon arriving at my camp I found that my pony had broken his lariat rope and ran away. Fearing that the 22d might find me without a horse to make the race, by which I hoped to secure one of those beautiful homesteads which is always supposed to be just a little way ahead. I set out in hot pursuit of my pony, and succeeded in finding him some four or five miles away from camp. In my haste to find my pony I had taken no note of the direction I had taken, only following the pony's trail through the tall grass, and at sun-set, which occurred before I had gone more than a mile, from where I had found the pony, I suddenly realized that I was hopelessly lost. Resolved, however, to get back to camp, I traveled around for several hours, but finally had to give it up for that night and after tying my pony to a shrub on the bank of a ravine, I lay down on the grass to await the coming of daylight. It is needless to say that I slept but very little that night, and that little time which I did sleep was disturbed by dreams of a pair of black eyes and the sound of a bewitching voice which, on account of the events of the morrow, I might never have the pleasure of hearing again. Morning came, and I awoke and mounted my pony and rode rapidly in the direction of a fringe of timber that I knew bordered the banks of the creek on which I had first pitched my camp to await the coming hour of starting. Although it had been unintentional on my part, yet the fact that I had actually been in Oklahoma, after the President's proclamation, and before the 22d, gave me no little uneasiness; but I decided to run my chances and possibly the land department would, under the peculiar circumstances under which I labored, grant me exemption from the operation of that section of the law that prevented a person acquiring title to lands in Oklahoma who entered that territory after the issuing of the proclamation and before the 22d day of April. Anyway, I concluded to make the attempt to secure a homestead, for if I did not try it I would be sure not to get one. Taking these views, I joined in the race, with the result that on the morning of the 22d I found myself the proud possessor of one of the finest quarter sections of land in Oklahoma. After giving

it a thorough inspection I was greatly elated to know that I was the only person laying claim to it, although other claims near by had as many as a half-dozen claimants, and I was glad to know that no person was aware of the peculiar embarrassing circumstances in which I was placed. However, my dreams of peace were not long to remain undisturbed.

About a week after I had located my claim a young man came riding up in front of my tent, and after a friendly greeting he inquired of me if I was not the man who had lost a pony and had crossed the line into Oklahoma before the 22d while hunting it. I was, as it were, thunderstruck by these remarks, but before I could reply he resumed: "I was satisfied you were the man when I saw that black pony of yours, and you are very unlucky, for your claim and you will be sure to lose it."

Fearing that this might be his errand now, I asked him if he had been lucky enough to secure a claim, to which he replied he had. Then I told him I really was the person referred to, but that I hoped to come out all right when the land department was made acquainted with the circumstances. After talking a little while longer he mounted his horse, saying that he was going to Guthrie to file on his claim. I had located my tent on the north side of the claim, which ran down to the creek, forming quite a little bottom, or valley, which was covered with a growth of young timber. For several days I did not go out on the prairie, being busily engaged in cutting poles and constructing a rude cabin, but one day, concluding that I would need a stock of supplies, I started to Guthrie to do some trading. On my return, two days after, I discovered, to my surprise, that my claim had been jumped, for in my absence a small pole cabin had been built on the south end of my claim. I rode up to the door of the cabin, which was closed, and after knocking and getting no response, I pushed the door open, and, looking in, was surprised to notice how neat everything was. "Evidently," said I to myself, "this person must be a person of considerable refinement, considering the array of toilet articles to be seen." I closed the door and stood thinking for a while, and finally it occurred to me that the person who built the cabin might not have been aware that I occupied the quarter section, as my camp was at a very isolated place, and I concluded to post a notice on the door, informing the claim jumper of my prior claim to that particular quarter section. This done I rode to my camp to await developments. I did not go back for several days to see if my contestant had relinquished the claim he had jumped, or not, but having business that called me to Guthrie, I went there again. I finished my business, and to my surprise I found on returning, the following notice written in a delicate hand, posted on my door.

To the person who built this cabin:
"Do you not know, sir, that the fact, which I can prove, that you were in Oklahoma before the 22d day of April, in acquiring a title to this claim? If you do not, you should read the President's proclamation. I have come to stay, and you may as well vacate for I mean to hold this claim."
(Signed)
"THE PARTY LOCATED ON THE SOUTH SIDE."
This was all there was of it. No person's name was attached, but it was enough to make my blood boil, and I decided to use more stringent measures to oust the Claim Jumper. Accordingly I rode over to the cabin next night, and finding it empty I proceeded to tear it down, scattering the logs in every direction. Then I went back to camp and busied myself all day at work digging a well. On the following day, concluding that it might be well to see if any attempt had been made to rebuild the cabin, I went out on the prairie to reconnoiter. Sure enough there was the cabin rebuilt. I began to think that the Claim Jumper was at least a determined person, and intended to make his word good as stated in the note on my door. Being equally determined I decided on a regular campaign which I intended to keep up all summer. So back to my own cabin I went, and arming myself with a Winchester rifle and an ax, I set out for the cabin on the south side, determined to demolish it or die in the attempt. As I came in sight of the cabin I barely got a glimpse of some one closing the door, and as I walked on I carefully watched the cabin to see if any person would leave it, but no one was to be seen. Arriving at the cabin door I knocked several times but receiving no reply I called loudly several times and there was no answer. Then I said in loud tones:

"This is my claim, and I will not allow any Claim Jumper to stay on it, and I want you to come out and we will settle the matter. I am a poor man and this is the only chance of securing a homestead at present, and being here first I am determined to hold it at all hazards."

Although these were brave words I felt a sense of fear on finishing them. How did I know but what I was talking to some reckless desperado who might be glad of this chance to fill me with lead. After waiting several moments without any reply, my courage began to return, and I said to myself that the occupant of the cabin was as big a coward as I was, and was trying a game of bluff. With this thought in my mind I called out again:

"I say, stranger, if you will not come out I will tear this cabin down over your head."

Not a move could I hear inside, and no one answered me. I then went around to the south side, and found that it had been carelessly built, and that with the aid of a pole I could pry off the roof, and then tumble the whole structure over. So I placed a pole in position, and began to pry on it. The roof slipped a little and I was about to bear my weight on the pole again, when I heard a woman scream inside. Surely, I thought, the Claim Jumper has a family, and after this I laid my pole down and went around to the door. I said:

"Madam, please tell your husband, as he seems very deaf, to come out, as I wish to make him understand me. I have no intention of doing any one any personal injury."

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There was profound silence for a moment, and then I heard the woman say: "There is no man here, and if you enter I will shoot you!"

"Then where may I see your husband?" I asked.

At this question I heard her laughing to herself, then she said: "I have jumped this claim myself."

"Great heavens!" I replied, "come to the door and let us talk matters over. Then I heard her unbolting the door and it was suddenly thrown open.

"In heavens name," I cried, "is that you, Miss Wallack?" and I staggered back against the wall almost speechless, for there in the door, revolver in hand, stood the young lady I had so madly fallen in love with a few days before. After my emotion had subsided, I advanced to meet her with outstretched hands.

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Wallack, for my terrible rudeness, and I am sure you will now always hate me."

"You have my pardon," she answered, taking my proffered hand. "You did not know it was I."

A smile lit up her countenance as she told me her story, which in brief was that she had come West, resolved to take up a claim, but failed to get one, although her father and brother had succeeded. Her brother happening to see me at my claim, recollected seeing me on the day before the opening of the territory, and decided at once that she should contest the claim on the ground that I had been in Oklahoma before the day set for opening the lands to settlement. He had not seen me while at their camp, and was not aware of the friendship that had sprung up between us, and, said she, how was I to know it was our new found friend? Now I will go and tell father and mother, and I am sure they will not want me to contest your claim, for they took a great liking to you.

"No, you won't do any such thing," I replied. "Stay where you are, or go and file on the claim, and I will abandon it."

"Why can't we both live on it," said she, "for we can divide it. I will go over to my parents, who live about two miles from here, and tell them whose claim I jumped."

I offered to accompany her, and, as she accepted, we walked to her father's claim. They welcomed me very warmly, but their surprise was great when Miss Wallack told her story. She remained with her parents and I returned home. Passing by the cabin on the hill, I could scarcely help shedding tears at the rude way in which I had treated the brave young lady, and it is not any more than the truth to say that I spent a sleepless night, and once more that fair face and those laughing black eyes haunted my dreams.

I made frequent visits to Mr. Wallack's claim, and Miss Wallack's brother and I moved both cabins on my claim together, and Miss Wallack has filed on the claim. I being willing to relinquish my claim for her heart, and within two months after the opening of Oklahoma, a newly wedded couple moved into the double log cabin, Miss Wallack having become my wife. She often remarks that she hopes that she will be as successful keeping house as she proved to be as a claim jumper.

A Unique Game of Ten Pins.

It was a unique game of ten pins I was wont to play in those days. Small natives swarmed like bees whenever I went abroad; you see, I was the one haoli—or foreigner—who had unlimited leisure, and they knew not at that moment it might suit my fancy to embark upon some erratic expedition such as they delighted in. At a moment's notice I could command a troop of horses worthy of an outlaw chief. If I retired to the billiard hall to amuse myself with the light and airy one, the windows and doors commanding the four sides of the table were certain to be darkened with a cloud of witnesses—but I am forgetting the ten pins.

There was a small kanaka for every pin, and one for each ball. These in some mysterious way hung upon the wall at the far and fatal end of the bowling alley, at the imminent peril of life and limb. Whenever I made a tor strike, which I positively did occasionally, it was invariably received with a deafening round of cheers—not omitting the "tiger." But still I was not happy, for I always feared to find the alley, after the atmosphere had cleared a little, strewn with the Hawaiian slain.—Charles Warren Stoddard, in November Overland.

Not Easily Picked Off.

Why is it that ninety-nine men in a hundred feel an irresistible impulse to—

Prescribe for a cold,
Advise the editor,
Bet on base ball,
Murder the empire,
Holler at a fire,
And pick a thread off another man's coat?

Nobody knows, no one is ready to give any more of an answer than "human nature." But such are facts. A member of an uptown club stood contemplating the open fire. On his shoulder nestled a white thread.

"I say, Charlie,"

"That's a bottle on me, Charlie," said Jack, as he felt back into the small group which he watched the operation. Then Charlie set his trap for the next victim. In half an hour he caught ten. He had run the thread through his coat. Instead of being a raving mad man, he was one of the two hundred yard speed.—Washington Post.

Where Man Has No Rival.

"Talk about the capability of woman! Why, she is already a dangerous rival of man in many pursuits."

"Yes, but there is one in which she will never outstep him."

"What is that?"

"Trying to say 'truly yours' at 1 o'clock in the morning."—Judge.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

A BOUNCING baby should be imbued with elastic spirits.

If you would avoid the suspicion of your neighbors, never carry your molasses in a demijohn.

TOMMY—I wish I had a little brother, Mamma—You do? Tommy—Yes, I do; I'm tired of kicking the cat.

"What is your salary, Dr. Stiggins?" "My salary," said the clergyman slowly, "is \$5,000. But my pay is \$1,200."

MRS. WATTS—What a sweet child your Willie is. He's a perfect little angel, I think. Mrs. Potts—No, not quite, he takes after his father in some of his ways.

TEACHER—You have been stealing apples to-day again from Smith's orchard! What shall I do with you? Oh! Johnnie, Johnnie, I am afraid we shall yet meet in jail!

LITTLE GUIL (fearfully)—Mamma, when are the Indians coming on? Mother—Hush, dear, there are no Indians. Little girl—Then who scalped all the men in the front seats?

JOGGINS was in a hilarious mood last night. He came home late singing a song of six-pence. "He did?" "Yes, and from the way they bulged out, he must have had his pockets full of old rye."

MR. BLOODGOOD (to Miss Spiteful)—Can you tell me what Miss Southmayd is about? Miss Spiteful (who has been laying for a chance to give away Miss Southmayd's age)—About thirty, I believe.

"It's too bad that the Bloffets are moving out of the neighborhood, isn't it?" "Too bad? Why, Bloffet was a terrible nuisance with his cornet." "Yes, but now that he is leaving, the rents will go up."

ALL the same, Mabel (to Jack, who is about to drink her health for the fifth time)—Oh, I wouldn't, Jack! Drink to me only with thine eyes, instead. Jack—All right. Well—er—here's looking at you!

MRS. RAZZLE—What a terrible wreck young Perkins is, to be sure. It is sad to see such a dissipated man. Mrs. Dazzle—Yes, indeed, but you must remember that he was admitted to the bar at a very early age.

EFFECTS of a carousal.—First umbrella—Oh, dear! My ribs ache and I am sore all over. Second umbrella—Well, I should think you would be. You were pretty well soaked when you were brought home last night.

MAUD—Yesterday we spoke of the misfortune of losing one's good name. Mr. Wishead—Yes, but it is not such a terrible misfortune for a lady to lose her good name when a young gentleman gives her a better one, is it?

MR. SCADDS (on his sick-bed, to his nephew, Jack)—My only care is, what will become of my large business and all the real estate which I bought on speculation? Jack Scadds—Don't worry, uncle; just leave that to me.

MORE essential than the alphabet.—Editor (to foreman)—Well, what's the matter? Foreman—Isn't there any way we could get a barrel of apostrophes, sir? The printers haven't half got enough with that dialect story you sent up, and our stock is most exhausted.

HE saw him.—Mrs. Fangle—Did you see Dr. Biggill last night, dear? Fangle (absent-mindedly)—Yes, I saw him and went him several better—I mean, I saw him for a moment only, and forgot to tell him to call and prescribe for you. I'll telephone to him as soon as I get to the office.

WE'LL SEE.
My love never answers yes or no to questions asked by me.
I think he's tantalizing.
For he always says, "We'll see."
When questioned by the priest in church, I know I'll worried be.
For fear he'll answer not, "I will,"
But in its stead, "We'll see."
—Judge.

"WHERE are you going?" inquired Mrs. Squeebob, as Mr. S. started out of the theater when the curtain went down. "I think I heard an alarm of fire," he responded, solicitously, "and I will go and see about it." Ten minutes later he returned. "It wasn't fire," he said, briefly. "And it wasn't water," she replied, with a significant smile.

Old Jones' Story About the Dogs.

When I was a boy I had a big yellow dog that hadn't as much sense as a sheep or as much pluck as a chipmunk. That dog wouldn't have fought a canary bird. We knew it and he knew we knew it, but he kept up an awful sight of bluster and blow just the same as if we didn't all know just what it was worth. Every day a big black cur, as cowardly as our'n, used to go by with a butcher's cart and then two dogs would run up and down on different sides of the fence barkin' fit ter kill an' just as if they would tear each other up if it wasn't for the fence.

One day the two got after each other an' it happened some one had left the gate open, so all of a sudden they came opposite each other, with nothing between. Well, sir, those two dogs just stopped an' looked at each other for a minute, then they put their tails between their legs an' put sticks in different directions, as if the Old Nick was after 'em. There's piles and piles o' men that's a heap more anxious for a fight w'en there's a fence between 'em than when they're on clear ground.

Marriage No Failure.

Speaking about brides, I heard of a good interpretation of newly married life by an Albany bride the other day. She had just got back from her western wedding trip, when she was asked by a lady friend:

"Did you have a pleasant trip?" "Oh, yes," she replied, unconcernedly. "We had a lovely journey, and what is more, we did not have any tricks played upon us. But I want to tell you," as she whispered to her friend, "marriage is no failure." —Blonde Journal.

The forgotten things that should have been done during the day always come into our minds at night, when it is too late to do them.

South Blue Island.

SOUTH BLUE ISLAND is a new suburb, high and dry, fronting on the Grand Trunk R. R. It is half a mile from the Belt Railway; the extension of the Eastern Illinois will touch the property, and it is within a mile of the junction of four Chicago Railroads. Five thousand people reside within a mile of this subdivision, and some within a block. They have stores of all kinds, churches, schools, public library, electric lights, water, etc. Lots are full sized, and are for sale at from \$50 to \$150 each, according to location—\$10 cash, balance \$5 per month. Weekly payments if desired. Ten per cent. discount for all cash. Ten per cent. paid agents or to any one who will bring a customer to the office. Houses built to suit. Stone-quarries and brick-yards within a mile. No money required of those who build at once. Title perfect. Printed abstracts given with each lot. Investments on the South Side always pay well. Travel by team-cars is always preferable to horse-cars, especially in winter. You will never be offered lower prices or better terms. A good lot is the best savings bank. These lots will double in value inside of a year. Fare to Washington Heights and Morgan Park is \$5 per month, while the fare to South Blue Island is only \$1 more, and requires but 10 minutes more time to where you can buy 60 feet near the depot for less than you would have to pay for 25 feet far from one, at either of those places. The new city limits is very near these lots. Non-residents can select lots and remit by check or postal order. Five acres have been set apart for church, school-house, and park. A manufacturing company has already secured a block in this subdivision, fronting on the railroad. Another company is negotiating for a block. A large number of lots have already been disposed of. A new depot will be erected during the winter.

Isa A. Eberhardt, capitalist and founder of Chicago Lawn; his son, Noble A. Eberhardt; Andrew M. Thompson, and two other gentlemen associated with him have incorporated the American Antizymotic, which is to have a paid-up capital of \$100,000, and which owns the patent and entire plant used for manufacturing a staple disinfectant, and have agreed with the owners of South Blue Island to erect immediately on block 3 a factory 30x60, three stories high, in which to place its entire plant, and expect to have a large force at work in it before March 1. When this has been done the corporation will receive full warranty deed of \$5,000 worth of South Blue Island lots, free from all incumbrance. The handsomest depot ready made by the T. W. Harvey Lumber Company, known as plat 6 on their circular, will be erected within ten days at South Blue Island, and Grand Trunk trains, week days and Sunday, will stop here. Four hundred feet of sidewalk have already been put down, streets have been graded, and other improvements made during the last two weeks, which is all the time that this suburb has been on the market. Over 100 lots have been disposed of, and a few more \$50 and \$75 lots are left, which will be sold this week at \$5 cash and at \$1 and \$1.50 per week. Other lots are held at from \$100 to \$150—\$10 cash, balance weekly or monthly.

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